



Quad
U.2 #2 June '61



EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

Complementing the expansion of Birmingham-Southern College, QUAD, too, has changed and expanded. Produced entirely on the campus, this issue of QUAD includes more writers and is printed in a larger quantity. QUAD includes all forms of expression - poetic, cognitive, emotive, directive, religious - in order to afford a varied representation of the students' literary endeavors. Though expansion allows more writers to be read by more students, quality has not been sacrificed.

QUAD is largely the result of the Poetry Group and the BLURB writers who have consistently encouraged literary effort. By analysis, synthesis, and criticism, the Poetry Group and the BLURB have improved both the quality and the quantity of creative expression. To both of these groups, QUAD is indebted. We look forward to a closer association next year.

Jim F. Smith

STAFF


Editor	Jim F. Smith
Assistant Editor	Don Kitzmiller
Business Manager	Dick Stetson
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Art	Mrs. John Rembert Sharilyn Paderewski Ronnie Countryman Jacqueline Maze Duane Wright
Script	Mrs. Charles McWaters John Sizemore Bettye Sulzby Jackie Moore Jack Zylman

Believing that student creative work is the result of individual incentive, stimulated by creative teaching in a favorable intellectual climate, we respectfully present Quad to Dr. Egbert Sydnor Ownbey, professor of English.

Dr. Ownbey epitomizes teaching excellence: well-grounded in his scholarship, he sets high standards for himself and for his students. He maintains in his classroom an atmosphere of intellectual curiosity and does not bound literature in any narrow sense; rather, he extends its boundaries to include all that is significant in human experience.

Since coming to 'Southern from Vanderbilt in 1930, Dr. Ownbey has continued his scholarship, publishing articles on poetry in The Explicator, and, perhaps equally important, assisting students in literary scholarship and creativity.

Aware that all disciplines contribute to the creative impulse and that Dr. Ownbey by no means is our only excellent teacher, Quad nevertheless feels that his contribution to the College and to literature justifies the dedication of our creative and editorial effort to him. He is too humane to scorn our tribute; we are too grateful to withhold it.



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Cover by Sharilyn Paderewski

RUBOUT

Outside it was beginning to get hot, but in here we were breathing air that was cooled, filtered, and freshly laundered. We sat around at ease in this pleasant artificial environment, all wearing conservative business suits and serious looks. We didn't look at all like a mob, but, in fact, like business men who had come here to discuss some pressing matter. And in a way, that was true, for we had come here to discuss killing a man. Actually we were leaders of the gang—at least at the moment; you know how these things are.

I knew we wouldn't leave this room without deciding something. It wasn't anything we could let slide. If somebody threatened us, we dealt with him severely. We killed him, to put it in less euphemistic terms. But that was something whose reality I tried to ignore. If I could just look around at the room, the furnishings, out the window, light a cigarette, drink a glass of water, interject a meaningless comment from time to time--why then, I could imagine the actual killing to be something distant in time and space with no relation to myself. Of course, the killing itself wasn't something we would ever be involved in directly, not us in our dark suits and quiet ties, we would not be mixed up in blood or anything else. But sitting there in our cool room high above the hot and busy streets, our position allowed us to say Do! and it would be done. But, as I say, I tried to run my thoughts along different and innocuous channels.

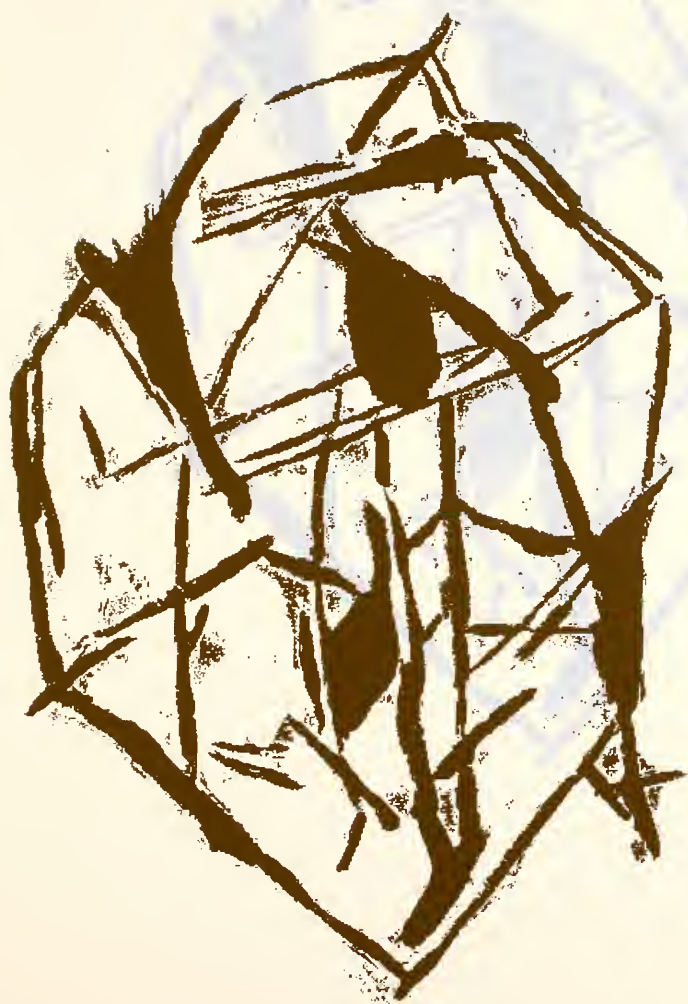
Louis R., graying eminently, dark, sleekly heavy, was, I guess you might say, the ringleader, though that was a word out of the violent past, faintly old-fashioned with somewhat grotesque overtones. In reality, his leadership was not too important, only serving to keep us concentrated on the main purpose and away from each other's threats, as we were liable to be whenever there was more than one of us in the same place. Actually, everyone there had an equally important voice in the "proceedings", otherwise we would not all have been there. I looked around the room at all of them, at Louis R., and Angelo L., and William M., and at somebody I didn't recognize at first; then I was startled because I had been looking in a mirror, and the face I hadn't recognized was my own; and it had seemed an archetype for all the faces in the room. Doubtless this experience was of some psychologically revelatory value, but I preferred not to examine it closely. Instead, I looked around again at the men about me. Again it struck me how normally and solidly they seemed to be placed in their environment, just like successful business and professional men, who were perhaps sitting on stacks of tradition rather than chairs. They just didn't look like they were discussing a killing. And there it was again, returning in spite of my efforts, to slap me in the face with its ugly reality.

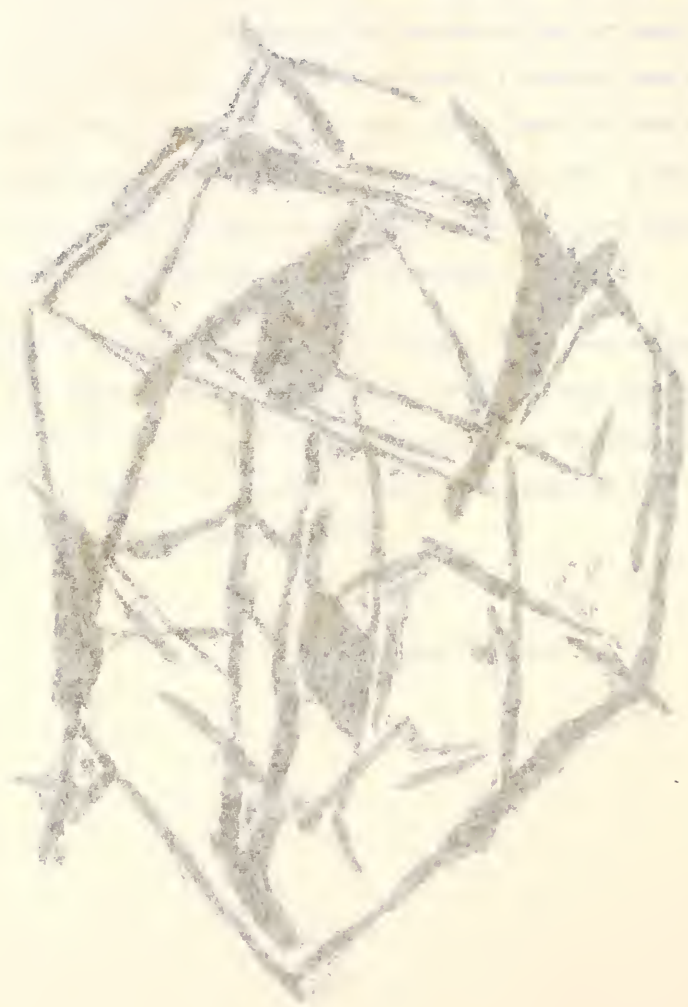
I shouldn't be thinking about it in that way at all. The time was past for theoretical pondering; now it was the simple fact itself that concerned us; that only was what I had to help determine. You couldn't imagine the unpleasant spot I would put myself in if I suddenly said the whole thing was wrong.

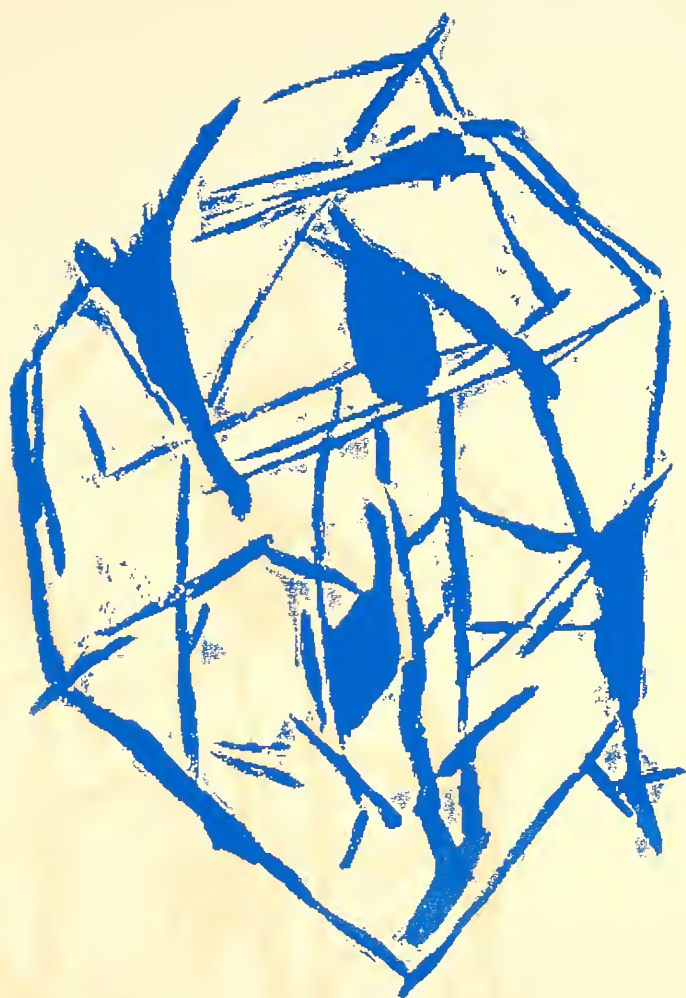
The Old Man, looking for all the world like a judge, had told us what to do. He had his part, of course, but I couldn't help feeling that we were somehow closer to the blood. Or maybe we just stained easier... He had had a lot to do with this kind of thing in his day; he must be tough. I could have wiggled off the hook and let somebody else tend to this, but the thought of it somehow didn't bother me then; or maybe I didn't think about it. Now I was stuck; I couldn't bear to think about it; I felt sick. But I didn't have the guts to stand up and tell them, and I hated myself for it. I just wanted to get through and suddenly I thought, to get outside in uncooled, unfiltered, unlaundered air.

And it seemed we were finished at last. I had done my part even while my mind wandered, for it seemed we were unanimous. Louis R. strode to the door of the jury room, knocked, and to the bailiff who appeared he said: "You can tell the judge we've reached a verdict."

Robert Stansel







I

I

I love the sound of I

The short almost grunt of the ah

followed by the half shriek of the ee

Ah-ee

a grunt and a shriek

Me.

No more.

COURTHOUSE

The pidgeoned columns

subdued, silent

Under an undulating main of wing-pairs

Dreaming of Mediterranean father genius.

Corinth saddened

By Portland cement

Parodying its labor pains.

Robert Houston

WOE AND BURDENS

Woe:

To the son that asketh the father,

"What begetteth thou?"

To the clay that asketh the fashioner,

"What makest thou?"

Woe to thee, O Man, woe and burdens:

The burden of the desert of the sea,

The burden of the valley of vision.

Woe, endless woe, the visions upward and downward,

Ever, ever in the valleys.

Woe to thee, O Seer, woe and visions:

Rejection of men, brother-pots;

Rejection

and

loneliness.

Woe to thee, man, because you looked up and down again;

You strove against your maker:

Woe among men; Woe among men the sons of women;

Woe

and

displacement.

The burden of isolation and vision:

The vision that

Answers, "Come and see, my child,

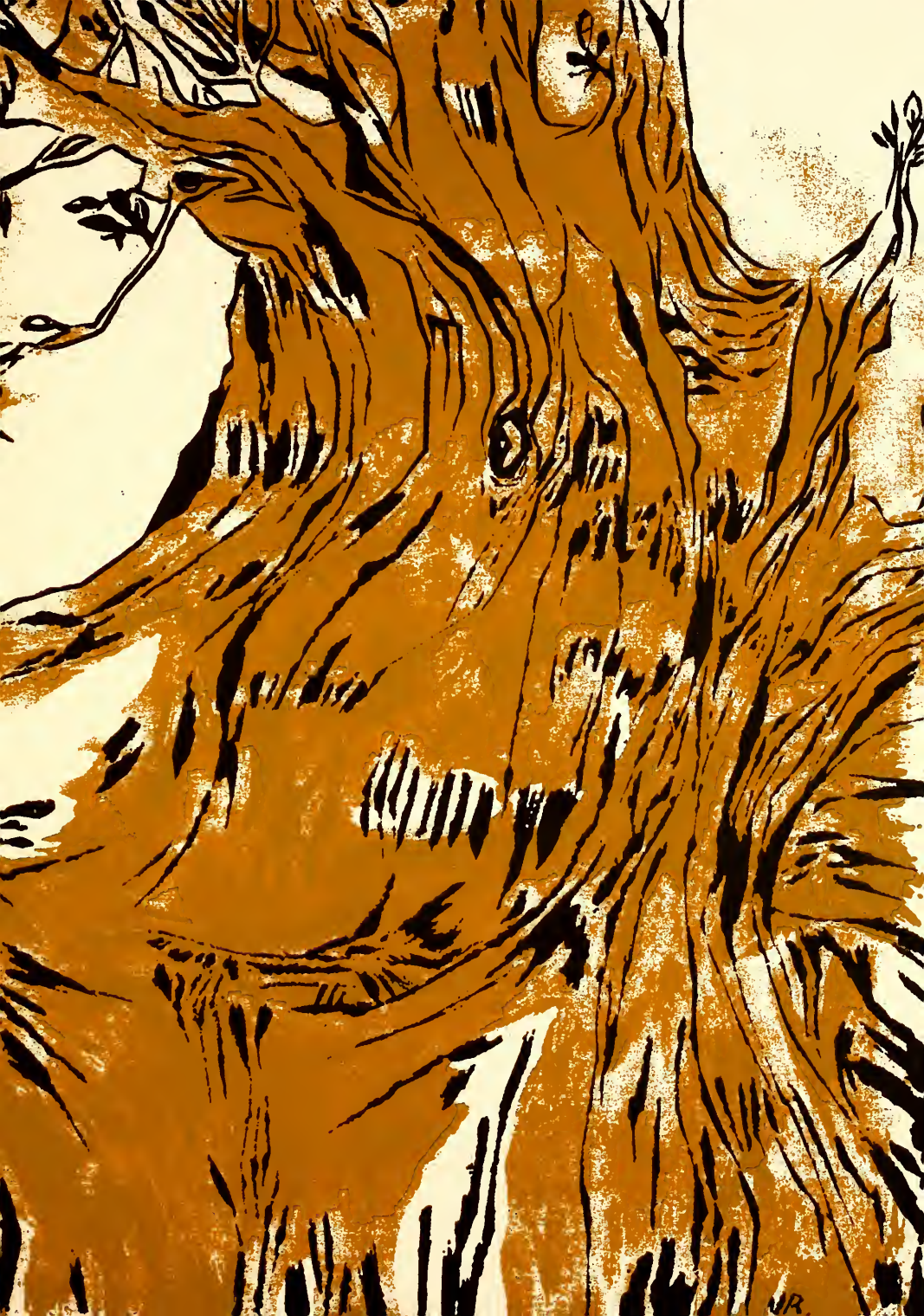
Thou Seer,

I will show thee great and mighty things

That thou knowest

and desirest not."

Elizabeth F. Sulzby





OZYMANDIAS

A play in one act.

"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Shelley

THE CHARACTERS

MRS. GRANGER: About 65

BRAD: Who is older than his years

ALEC: A young 100 per cent red-blooded American,
and detestable

THE SETTING: The living room of one-half of a low-cost duplex apartment. There is necessarily only a door (right center), a table (left center), a once-elegant couch (right), one table by the couch, and an exit, presumably to the kitchen (down stage left). The back wall has half a dozen or so pictures on it. The setting does not have to be representational.

NOTE: Mrs. Granger must not be flighty; she is not moonlight and roses, or faded gilt, or a wilted orchid. She has never had "seventeen gentlemen callers." She is Southern, yes, and should be played with a graceful Southern accent if it can be done correctly. But she is more like an ancient, weathered temple, strong, once magnificent. She is like a fallen monument, or an oak tree in December.

NOTE: The pictures on the back wall do not have to be actual photographs and paintings. They may be merely composed of enough lines to suggest what they represent. The audience should not be made to try to see what they are.

As the play opens, Mrs. Granger is seen sitting on the couch, reading. She is grey-haired, stout, and has her arthritic wrists and ankles wrapped in old dingy strips of cloth. She is wearing an inexpensive house dress, old but clean.

MRS. GRANGER: (Goes to door and opens it. They enter.) Oh! You're from the library. I wasn't expecting you so early. (Unlocks the screen and opens it. They enter.)

ALEC: Thank you, Ma'am.

BRAD: (Overlapping) Thank you.

MRS. GRANGER: I would have brought the books down there myself, but I'm just not able. (Indicates hands briefly.) I'm suffering from arthritis, you see. I hope it wasn't too much trouble?

BRAD: No, ma'am, we had to be out this way anyway.

MRS. GRANGER: Did you have much trouble locating me, I mean this place is so small and out of the way.

BRAD: No, ma'am.

MRS. GRANGER: Good! (Notices Alec glancing around.) Oh, don't look at this house. It's such a mess. But with this arthritis, I can't keep a house as neat as I always accustomed to. That's why I stay here. My daughter wanted me to get a larger place, perhaps even move in with her and her husband. They live in Bethel Garden, you know, and have more than enough room--but I just wouldn't be able to take care of a larger place, and I couldn't think of imposing on my daughter's husband. He's a doctor, just as my husband was, and doctors do need the privacy of their own home. They get so little in their work.

BRAD: This isn't a very bad apartment, ma'am.

MRS. GRANGER: Well, it's so convenient--that's the thing. The car line is right outside the door--when I'm able to get out, which is almost never--and of course there is the drug store on one corner and the grocery store on the other, and there are four doctors right across the street and--Oh, I have all the conveniences. So, no, it's not so bad, really. I was just used to a so much larger house. Doctor and I--that's what I called my husband--lived in New Orleans until he passed away several

years ago. We had the most beautiful two-story home there. But shortly after Doctor died, I broke my back and just couldn't climb all those stairs, so I sold the house and gardens and moved here to be near my daughter.

ALEC: Yes, ma'am, that was certainly the wise thing to do. Ah, now about those books you, you were going to give to the library....

MRS. GRANGER: (She looks a bit startled and puzzled as the old look when their minds are forced to change tracks abruptly.) What? Oh, yes, yes, here they are, here in this box. (Goes painfully to cardboard box beside sofa.) They're all in French, of course. Doctor spoke French fluently. We used to spend summers in France, but I never did learn to read French; just enough spoken to give commands to servants. (She is sorting books in box.) I gave most of Doctor's books away when I sold the house and broke up his library. I don't know why I kept these. I do hope you can use them. (Takes a book from box.) Oh! You can't have this one. It's too naughty. My son-in-law told me so last night. (She puts it down on the end table. Alec picks it up.)

ALEC: What is it? (To Brad.) Hm, Aphrodite. (Laughs condescendingly.) Oh, yes, ma'am, it is a little--"naughty." But it's all right. We even have translations of it. (Starts to replace it in box.)

MRS. GRANGER: No! I don't wish to have any part of something that isn't decent. (Short pause.) Even if it is in French. (Alec looks a trifle disgusted, starts to say something, but Brad speaks.)

BRAD: That's for you to decide, ma'am. (Alec shrugs and puts book back on table.)

MRS. GRANGER: I don't really see why Doctor would have something like that in his library. But he was quite a man of the world. That's Doctor's picture there. (Points to picture on wall. Looks like a soft Teddy Roosevelt minus moustache.) He was quite distinguished looking, don't you think? (Turns to them.)

BRAD: Yes, ma'am. (Mrs. Granger starts toward picture. Alec punches Brad, points toward books and then toward door. Brad gives a quick head shake "no" and turns back to Mrs. Granger.)

MRS. GRANGER: Of course, this picture isn't a very recent one. It was taken while he was secretary of the American Medical Association.

BRAD: (Feeling the need to say something.) Well! He was-- ah--distinguished--wasn't he?

MRS. GRANGER: Oh, yes. Why, the Queen of Belgium wrote him a personal letter asking him for one of his books.

ALEC: (Craftily.) A technical book?

MRS. GRANGER: Yes.

ALEC: What about?

MRS. GRANGER: Why, I really can't say in technical terms. That was Doctor's department. It was something about a new process he invented for detecting steel in the body, you know, for wartime. It was so you wouldn't have to be cut up so. (A pause.) But the Queen was a very gracious lady. (Turning back toward pictures.) Unfortunately, that family is no longer on the throne.

ALEC: Um, hmm.

MRS. GRANGER: I do really love this next picture. (Two people on horseback, ca. 1920.) This is Doctor and myself on our favorite horses. We always kept a stable, of course. Doctor did love fine horses. Why, do you know he took care of those horses almost as well as some of his patients. We both rode a great deal and, of course, always entered the shows. I played golf, also; I won the Louisiana State Tournament three times. Doctor excelled at horseback riding, and I, at golf. (Moving to painting center of Fifteenth Century young Italian nobleman leaning in window to kiss girl with unbound hair or any comparable late Victorian popular-type painting.) This was done by Doctor's older sister when she was just a girl--not over twenty years old. Quite good for a young girl, don't you think?

BRAD: (Enthusiasm a little false.) Oh, yes, ma'am. Good even for an accomplished artist.

MRS. GRANGER: Several people have tried to persuade me to sell it to them. But I sold all the rest of our paintings when I had to let the house go, and I just couldn't bear to part with this one. It's my favorite. Therese--that's Doctor's sister--painted quite a bit and even had her own show in New York once. See, there are her initials, T. G., 1903.

BRAD: Yes, ma'am.

MRS. GRANGER: And now this picture here was taken of me right at the time of my marriage. (Picture on table of a very beautiful girl in early Twentieth Century style low-cut evening dress holding up rose and looking at it.)

BRAD: You were very beautiful then, Mrs. ah....

MRS. GRANGER: (Brightly, flushed, almost girlish.) Oh, I'm so sorry! How forgetful of me. Mrs. Granger, Mrs. Amile Granger. Granzhah, Doctor used to pronounce it. Yes, I was beautiful then. I was voted New Orleans' most beautiful debutante. Oh, there was the loveliest party at my presentation, and Doctor asked me for my hand that very night! (She catches sight of her bloated, clumsily wrapped hand. She stops speaking. Then, with a tight, forced smile.) I hardly seem to be the same--creature--any more. (A silence.)

ALEC: Well, you shouldn't worry about getting older, Mrs. Granger, because when you stop getting older, you're dead! (There is an embarrassed silence as his chuckle tapers off under Brad's glare and Mrs. Granger's horrified look)

MRS. GRANGER: (Slowly drops her eyes, then flatly.) Yes, yes, I suppose that's so.

BRAD: (Gently) Well, Mrs. Granger, I'm sorry to have to rush, but we are running a little late....

MRS. GRANGER: Oh, no, no! You mustn't go just yet. I haven't given you the most important thing. (Hobbles to closet and speaks distractedly as she digs through old papers, etc.) You came...so early I didn't have time to get it...ready for you. I gave...a great deal...of thought...to this. I do hate to give it...away.... But I feel as if...it's doing...no one any good here. (Produces a large, dusty, faded felt-edged book with the front cover missing. Then, triumphantly.) Here! Here it is. (Leaning toward them. Slowly and majestically.) This

book--was given to my husband's grandfather--by the King of France!

BRAD: Uh--wow.

MRS. GRANGER: The King of France!

ALEC: Well, that certainly is something, and I'm sure the library will be very interested in it, ma'am. (Reaches for book.)

MRS. GRANGER: No. Don't touch it. It's too dirty. I'll have to wipe it off first.

ALEC: That's all right. I'll just take it and put it in the box with the others and then we can....

MRS. GRANGER: No, no, I do not wish to give it to you dirty. Now you-all wait here and I'll go get a cloth and wipe it.

BRAD: Yes, ma'am. We'll wait. (She exits to kitchen. Alec and Brad look at each other and shrug.)

ALEC: God! What a nut. The old lady's gone stir-crazy in this damned museum.

BRAD: Maybe. But I don't know. Could be she's telling the truth.

ALEC: Hah! In a pig's ear she is! Brad, look around you! This place, her clothes, everything. Yeh, maybe there's some truth in what she's said. Maybe her husband was a doctor. Maybe she did live in New Orleans. But the rest of this stuff--Brad, she's spread it on too thick.

BRAD: I guess so.

ALEC: Guess so! Hell, I know so. Why, this ratty old book. King of France! (Looks at fly leaf of book) Say, Brad, what is MDCCCLX--that's 1860, isn't it?

BRAD: Uh-huh, that's right.

ALEC: 1860, eh? And when did--what's his name?--Louis Napoleon take over the government in France?

ERAD: Somewhere around 1851 or '52, I think.

ALEC: Yeh, that's what I thought. Crap! The publication date on this book is 1860. There wasn't any King of France when this book was published. And there never was another one after it was published. What more proof could you want? It's like I told you, the old lady's either nuts, or a liar. Probably just nuts.

ERAD: Look, maybe it was the pretender. Who are you to say? What have you got against the old lady, anyway? Why don't you get off her back?

ALEC: She's a phony, that's why. And I can't stand a phony. And she bothers me with her mouth. So what if she had a husband who was a doctor. So what! Who gives a continental? What does she expect us to do--bow down and worship her moldy book and worn-out pictures? I--

MRS. GRANGER: (From off stage) Here, I think this will do it.
(Enters, goes over and wipes book off.)
Now, that's much better, isn't it?

ALEC: Yes, it is. Thanks. (Takes book.)

MRS. GRANGER: Well, don't you want me to write something in it? Perhaps a dedication? I have a pen right here. After all, an important object like this ought to have the donor's name in it, shouldn't it?

ERAD: Oh, but it will, Mrs. Granger. You see, we have what we call book plates at the library. Your name will be printed on one and pasted right here in the front.

MRS. GRANGER: Oh, it's not my name that I want in the book. I want to put my husband's name. And I thought -- if it's all right with you--all -- that I would write a few things about Doctor there.

ALEC: Ah-h-h-h, I don't know. It's not generally library policy.

MRS. GRANGER: But I won't hurt the book. I just thought that it might be all right to say just a little bit about who Doctor was and what he did. I mean, so that people, when they want to, can know about the doctor, so that they can. . . . You do understand what I mean, don't you?
(Brad goes to the box of books in the pretense of straightening them. Alec continues to look squarely at Mrs. Granger.)
Don't you see, I must leave something of Doctor. (A pause)
I could sell the book, you know.
(Alec starts to put the book down.)
But I can't. I mean, I don't want to. I must let it be a gift. Oh, don't you see? (Almost pleading) I want it to be sort of a memorial, something of Doctor himself. I had to sell the house, I had to sell the stables. And the paintings, and part of the furniture. And when I sold them, it was almost as if I were selling part of Doctor. He is growing smaller, vanishing. The people who bought the house and stables and things don't care about Doctor. They don't care that it was all his, that I Why, they have even made a chiropractic clinic out of the house! And there is a service station where the stables were. A service station! Right where Doctor's stables were. Right where some of the finest horses in Louisiana slept! So don't you see that I can't sell this book? I must let it be a gift so that it will still be part of Doctor. When I'm gone, and my daughter is gone, Doctor will be gone. And I can't, I can't let Doctor and all his work just vanish, disappear from the face of the earth...
Oh, please, you do understand, don't you? You do understand?
(She looks helplessly from Alec to Brad. Brad, still turned to the box of books, has his back to her.)

ALEC: (Coughs embarrassedly.) Ah--yes, ma'am. Ah, I think I see your position. But I Well, after all, rules are rules, you know. (Silence) Well, I don't make the rules---- (Punches Brad) Do we, Brad?

BRAD: (Without turning) No, I guess not. I guess somebody else has already made all the rules.

ALEC: What do you mean, you guess not. Why, you know darn well we I'm sorry, Mrs. Granger, but we're way late now. If you want us to take the book, we will. But I can't let you do anything like that to the book without authorization. If you'd rather wait and come down and talk to the director, that's O.K. with us.

MRS. GRANGER: (Controlled now.) No. That would be--impractical--shall we say? I just hoped that Well, no mind. Take the book, as it is. The name, just the name, will be sufficient.

ALEC: Yes, ma'am. Just the name, then.

MRS. GRANGER: Yes, of course. (Distantly, flatly) I do thank you for coming by. I hope you can get by again sometime.

(They gather their things, and start to leave. Mrs. Granger follows them to the door. Alec nods politely and says good-bye. He leaves. Brad starts out. He pauses at the door, says "good-bye" softly. Then pauses a moment more as if something other than his tongue were trying to speak. Then he leaves quickly as Mrs. Granger closes the door behind him. She remains there with her hand on the door knob. Her head bows ever so slightly as the lights begin to dim until the room is enveloped in a colder, grayer light, leaving only Mrs. Granger. And the pictures.)

(The curtain falls.)

END

Robert Houston

DIALOGUE

I sat staring at the wall

And he came and said,

What do you see?

And I said, fool,

Nothing.

Then he said,

You see what you want to see.

And I said, go 'way;

And he did.

I sat still staring at the wall

And I still saw nothing;

He was wrong,

I know he was wrong.

William Ronald Salzman

SAD JAZZ

Old Master Misery comes on down
The street, throughout the town;
His feet, all wrapped in tattered rags
Are wet; on through the mud he drags.
Who met him best forgot it quick--
Who saw that hand all slimy stick,
The paw of that old dirty man
Who wanders up and down the land.

Old Master Misery's two blue eyes
Are clear. Some kind of skies,
Like. Here he stops and looks off slow.
For what damned thing I wouldn't know.
And that old filthy man, his beard
Is crammed with bugs; and this ain't weird,
For damned old vermin's rotten man
Must live with who he can.

His rotten teeth light up like death:
A smile. His marble orchard breath,
Less vile than air inside this town,
The town he's going up and down,
A clown in rings of black:
The only thing this circus lacks.
Not lonely goes old Master Miz',
Grave slugs keen around him whiz.

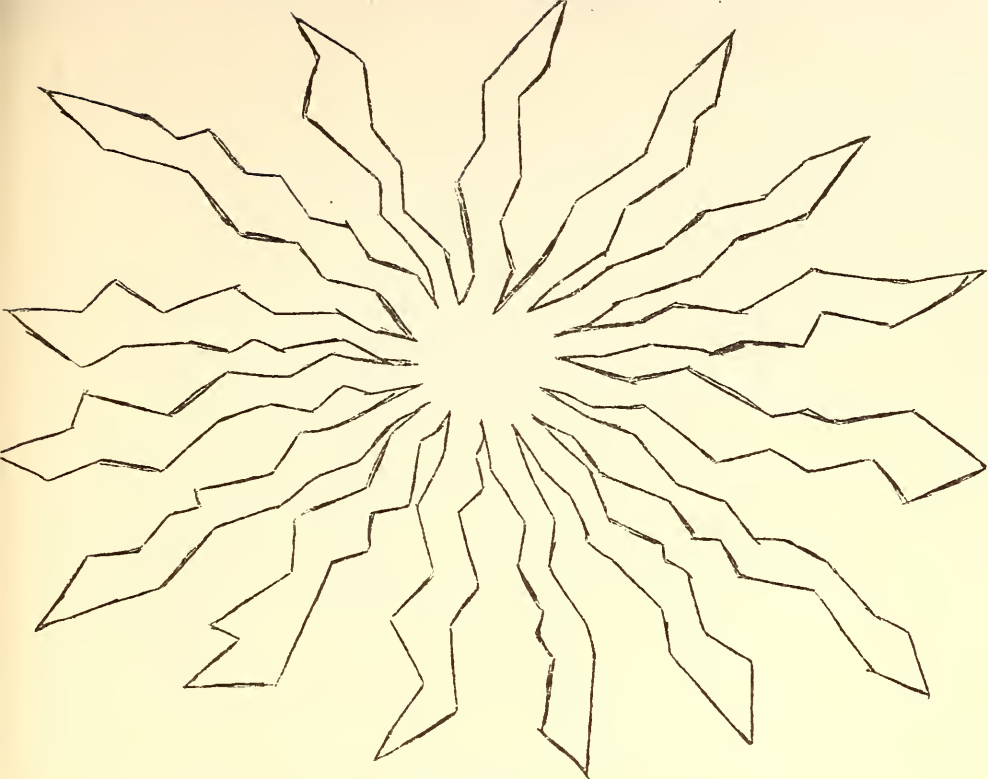
(cont'd.)

Old Master Misery's mission
Is never quite clear;
He sucks the marrow from wishes,
Which dying, he holds them dear.

He feeds on hearts and brains
He finds in mud and straw;
He holds them up to Heaven,
He crams them in his craw.

Old Master Misery comes on down
The street. Throughout the town
You meet him. See his love
For you: he gladly prove
It true. His knife is slick,
His blade is quick,
And the finest trick of all
Is the smile on his face.
Remember, never, notime:
Love from Master Misery.

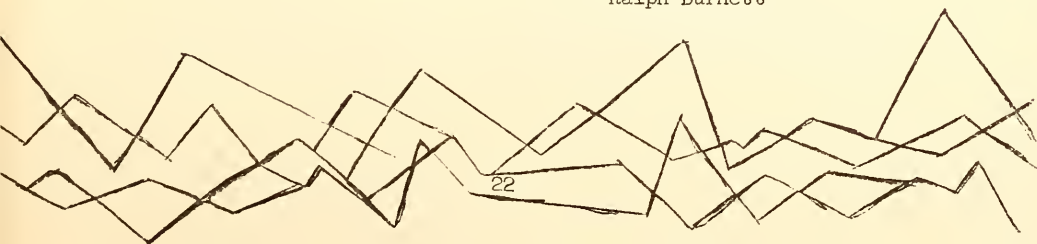
Robert Stansel



THE LAR FAMILIARIS SUBMERGENT

The rain came blatantly from a gray sky.
In gutter and puddle rose up high
A dirty flood. A scum of debris,
Old boxes, beer cans, in coterie,
Bob idly around a storm drain intake.
The curb is obscured by a rising lake,
Which asserts and complies. Around the homes
Uprises filthy water, foams
Into the homes. Let King Canute
Halt this new tide. Around, in pursuit
Of a box, upswirls the water. A face,
Electron blue, now speaks to, in place
Of a family, a frog, and a doll,
That, headless, bobs in obeisance, Estol
The vacuous! Obtains still protocol.

Ralph Burnett



ERAVE NEUE WELT

"My intention is to portray a truly beautiful soul."
F. M. D.

William Hendricks

He stopped to buy a newspaper and almost missed the last bus leaving from downtown. Only a few moments later, seated in his usual place, reflective while he regained his breath, did he realize that there would be little opportunity to read the newspaper. Not after Jumbo got on.

The bus pulled from the next stop without Jumbo on it. For one frantic moment he feared that in his haste he had gotten on the wrong bus. He quickly gazed about the bus and was relieved to see familiar faces, each in its appointed place. As usual, the two front side seats were occupied by the occasional intruders who really didn't belong, for they appeared once and were seen no more. Weekends were an exception; then the side seats were occupied by a varying assortment of faceless arms and legs returning from a night of impotent, experimental hell-raising--a puberous group of transients who crept out Friday nights, but retreated before the first feeble stabs of light became fatal.

This scene, this microcosm, along with two or three others, like imperfect spheres of glass pearl strung on flimsy cord, made up his life. Look at it through the wrong end of a telescope and it becomes a macrocosm.

Almost without believing that the opportunity was presenting itself, he unfolded his paper. Bold headlines proclaiming growing tension in the Far East caught his attention, and he began to read. After reading a few paragraphs, the words began succeeding each other in mechanical, meaningless fashion. He began to read each line two or three times in a desperate grasp for meaning. "The State Department fears," he read, "the State Department fears that unless imminent action is taken toward propitiation, there remains little hope that the Free World unless imminent action is taken tow . . . "

"!Lo, Cap'n!" There could be no doubt in his mind. So Jumbo had expanded his universe by a few blocks. Now he would spend the next half-hour telling everyone and no one about how different the street looks in that part of town. They also got on with him, although he wasn't consciously aware of this until later. He held the newspaper up in front of himself in order to avoid being accosted by Jumbo, but the camouflage proved unnecessary. He sat up front close to the driver and began his usual puerile blatant verbiage.

He gave up hope of being able to concentrate on the perils of the Free World and turned over to the comic page. Still he could not concentrate; Jumbo's competition was too overpowering. Exasperatedly he tossed the paper aside.

Jumbo sold newspapers. On the worst corner in town, according to him, "Jumbo" was a fit sobriquet. Of massive proportions, he was thick-boned from top to bottom. To him he seemed strong as an ox, and he often wondered why he only sold newspapers for a living. Jumbo himself frequently talked about finding a "good-paying" job. He had his own ideas about his vocational status. To be sure, he was as strong as an ox.

Thinking about Jumbo, he remembered the night it had occurred to him, suddenly--without any conscious reflection, that tomorrow never existed for Jumbo. He never did his reflecting and planning, always audibly expressed, except at night on this bus, when his day was done. This was after midnight and technically "today". (Jumbo always made that distinction.)

That night, the night of his revelation, he distinctly remembered that Jumbo had said, "Today I reckon I'll go see that new picture show that's at the Bijou. I used to sell papers out front and Mr. L. B. Jackson--he's the manager-- he always lets me in free. Yeah, he's a pretty nice old guy."

Tonight Jumbo was being furtive about his plans for today. So far he had not heard him mention them. Although he made an effort to shut out the sound of his voice, he still was aware of what he was saying. It seemed that the greater the resistance he attempted to build against Jumbo's voice, the clearer he heard it. One thing he heard made him aware of an aberration that had escaped his attention, though undoubtedly it had registered subliminally on his preconscious.

They had failed to get on. They, that incredible lump of dirt which sold newspapers and its incredible daughter (she, incredible because she was not, with her wrong-side-of-the-tracks beauty ((the antithesis of the mythical Southern Belle--a rose by any other name would be as sweet))), were not there, who usually were, which meant that the puberous Friday-night transients could not ejaculate a few lilting refrains of "I Wish I Was in Dixie".

Jumbo could not quite figure out where they were. For a few minutes he was diverted from his usual Friday-night harangue about how he helped Mr. Chuck Samples out at the big weekly country music show. However, he finally reached that topic.

He knew it verbatim--nothing new ever happened--and didn't bother to listen. Staring out the window, he was momentarily startled to see two moist disembodied black eyes staring penetratingly at him. His fright subsided however, when he realized that the utter blackness of the outside formed somewhat of a screen, reflecting the image of his own eyes on the window of the bus.

This momentary preoccupation had made him completely oblivious to what was being done and said about him. Now that he had become settled, he became aware of a discordant note.

"You see," a young girl was giggling, "we were supposed to go there but didn't."

It soon became apparent that the girl and her equally young companion had asked Jumbo what time the country music show was over. He now remembered that they had gotten on the bus when Jumbo did.

Jumbo, as usual, was eager to be of help. With the voice of authority, he informed them that the show had ended shortly after 10:30 P.M. This revelation produced two faint groans.

"It'll be one A.M. before we get home," the one nearest the aisle bemoaned. The other pleadingly added, "Oh, what can we say? Daddy might find out that the show didn't last that late."

The transients, who previously had been nudging each other and directing sly glances toward them, became even more agitated. They avidly caught each syllable. One of them, his changing voice slightly timorous, said, "We'll can say that the bus broke down." "Yeah," another added, "or maybe you got lost, or something."

He had intently been watching them ever since they first attracted his and the rest of the passengers' attention. They sat one row in front of him on the opposite side of the bus; consequently he could easily observe them. In order to avoid conspicuousness, he, after turning slightly toward them, held his newspaper in front of himself. He did no reading. Instead he would, casually but constantly, look above the paper toward them.

The girls, in their clean, bright dresses, made an attractive sight. What really impressed him was their youth. With the dull monotony of an aching tooth he thought; Young, so young. Younger than springtime. Take a puff. (What does it profit a man to be able to light either end if his soul is doomed for eternal damnation?)

Gradually the tableau returned to normalcy. The intrusion of the girls subsided with the finality of a sandcastle being overswept by an onrushing tide. The girls themselves continued to huddle together, whispering and giggling. Jumbo resumed talking about the show and what a fine guy Mr. Chuck Samples was. The others stared uncommittedly into space or thumbed through newspapers.

His thoughts, however, remained riveted on the girls. Where had they been? What had they done? These questions were mathematical increments to the basic harmony of so young.

Something about somewhere in that infinite process, or chemistry; $\text{SbO} \cdot \text{OH} + \text{NaOH} = \text{SbO} \cdot \text{ONa} + \text{H}_2\text{O}$; $\text{SbO} \cdot \text{OH} + \text{HCl} = \text{SbO} \cdot \text{Cl} + \text{H}_2\text{O}$, or maybe taught to prey, saying; our father you son of a bitch P. S. I am not crazy. I am fourteen. and yet so young that there has to be a first don't you know how one tiny acorn begins in a million Sunday Schools can't you find the pure and the good starting with an individual mollusk (and two billion years ago shouting--if shouting were possible--vive le roi!)

but thoughts are amendable to order he thought:

Major Premise: All who must resort to deception
are guilty of committing a grave
transgression.

Minor Premise: These girls are having to resort
to deception.

Conclusion: Therefore, Socrates is mortal.

A lazy waft of cigarette smoke titilated his nostrils, momentarily distracting his train of logical inference. The girls were nervously taking experimental puffs. The nicotine seemed to stimulate their giggling, for it noticeably increased--or was it the memory of the events of the night. One of them clumsily blew a smoke ring, which gradually disintegrated into a shape vaguely salacious and prurient.

He suddenly became aware of a distant cacophony that seemed to be drawing nearer. As the sound approached he became aware that it was he who was approaching. While the crossbars creakily descended, the shrill bell gave way to a flashing red light. Then came an importunate cry emanating from an approaching mass of steel. If the bus had been two units farther in the space-time continuum, it would have just missed the delay.

Light travels at a speed greater than 186,000 miles per second. There are some stars so far out in space that by the time their light rays reach the planet Earth, these very stars have been burned out for aeons.

Five minutes elapsed, and still there was no end in sight. Traffic began to accumulate. Parallel to the far side of the bus stretched a long line of cars. He noticed that the delay distressed the girls. The one next to the window raised it completely up and leaned her head out. A slight breeze sensually explored about her lobes. Her roving eye was immediately arrested by a sleek late model car that was almost in line with the window. The darkness clothed the occupants, but the sudden flare of a match within revealed a darkly handsome face.

Tainted blood rushed to her head. Mellifluously she called out, "Hey, handsome! Where you going?"

This cry stimulated a tumultuous response in the car. A head appeared and called out, "Anywhere you want to go, doll."

Both girls were now crowded up to the window. As if trying to drown out the roar of their youthful hearts, they simultaneously cried, "We want to go home."

Wild laughter erupted from the darkly foreboding interior of the car. Several deep voices called out entreatingly, "Come on! We'll take you home."

"How many are there of you?" how many caddy? fore!

So intently had he been observing the preceding events that it seemed as if event the involuntary process of breathing had been in abeyance, for now he suddenly became aware of an insatiable craving for oxygen. (However, he kept the window nearest him closed. He did notice that several windows were slightly open, allowing the cold blackness of the night to creep in. The air in the bus, he kept saying, was not unduly oppressive.) Asphyxiated perhaps by the memory of those bicycle races of long ago that somehow invaded his consciousness at this moment. He would race with the other kids around the block. He remembered the violent pumping pumping of the pedals, making the wheels spin around and around, faster and faster around the block, and if he completed the circle a second or two before the others, he was declared winner. Afterwards lying on the grass, depleted of all energy, and maybe half the time he came in last but he had to win he had to try.

This had flashed instantaneously through his mind as he watched them: they, their faces rouged with desire, the sound of masculine importunity still ringing in their ears, looked questionarily at one another.

With a slight jerk the bus began slowly to advance in the line of traffic. Involuntarily his legs became tense and fatigued, his breath came in panting gasps; resounding in his ear was the blur of spinning spokes. They are going to pull the cord knowing this with certitude, not because a train left at just the right time, nor because of one combination of an ovum and a spermatozoon in the womb rather than a hundred million others, and not even a burned-out star thousands of light years away; but a single rib.

The strident tone of the buzzer seared through his flesh, causing writhing at each reverberation. But it should not have. Almost hypnotically had he kept his attention focused on the two while, not a decision, but an unwinding took place--had seen a pale, slender arm drift through space crash through molecules of O_2 and N_2 and then, pull the cord with the desperate madness of a drowning man drawing his rescuer under with him.

As the bus approached the stop, they got up from their seats and walked toward the front. For the first time he realized how much woman they were: the flaunted hips hypnotic in their sway; the violence of their breasts thinking sugar and spice and ... puppy biscuit.

He had watched them leave their seats with immobile agitation. With glassy eyes he surveyed the passengers. Most of them seemed oblivious to everything. One or two papers were being leafed through. As for the transients, there were gleeful smirks on their distorted faces.

The bus came to a stop. He thought perhaps he might make his presence known, but apparently he was busy elsewhere collecting widows' mites. (DON'T KNOCK THE ROCK!)

The bus driver, with mechanical precision--with a flip of the index finger--caused the bus doors to snap open. (There are some doors that open if you just walk up to them.) The girls, still giggling, descended into the darkness. With an air of finality, the doors snapped shut. The bus pulled off, putting the girls out of sight.

Jumbo had an immediate comment to make. In his usual vociferous manner he proclaimed, "Them girls are sure headed for trouble."

One of the transients squeaked, "That's the kind of trouble I need."

He was in a dazed, almost somnolistic state. He listlessly stared out the window, but his mind, like a child's forgotten mechanical toy, continued to run. There swirled tempestuously about in his head ich nur einen Wagen.

(To Be Continued)

While misty morning rains do roam the moor,
And the cock doth crow his song of sorrow's birth,
And the sun doth lightly cast to leaves his lure,
And the haze of innocence doth crown the earth,
We walk so close to truth's own knowledge sweet,
Until the rising sun doth bring us out
To greet the awesome giant with dragging feet,
To travel many roads without a route.

While noisy noontime rains do drum the plain,
And the crow doth caw while guzzling golden corn,
And the sun doth brightly rule our purple pain,
And the wind of hate doth brush the pathways worn,
We roam the earth in everwidening paths,
Until the waning sun doth move us on
To greet the awesome that forgives our wraths,
To travel long the well-worn paths alone.

While easy evening rains do wet the air,
And the cock doth slowly lay his head to rest
And the sun doth slightly touch our heary hair,
And the heavy dark doth slip into the West,
We creep along our ways to certain death,
Until the dying sun doth push our feet along
To greet with awe silent last-drawn breath,
To travel roads no more and soon begone.

While mournful midnight rains do weight the ground,
And the owl doth call the midnight sprites to play,
And the moon doth whitely cover any sound,
And the ugly shapes of night forget the day,
We climb no more to reach the cloudy peak,
Until the hazy dawn doth raise us up again
To greet, to rule, to rue, to find, to seek,
To die, to live, as grimy, groveling men.

Lee Fesperman





Writhing, stumbling, nearly falling,
the Virgins spin in a maddening gyre.

Thrusting their limbs forward (as a
child jumps from stone to stone
across a forest stream) they
whirl toward the acme
through the thinning air.

What awaits these maidens driven?

They rest!

Having reached the zenith, does
sweet Morpheus bless them with
his kiss?

Not when earth pleads for the
sowing,
not when wet winds yearn
for the sun.

Fated from their first whirling,
Great wings foretell a visit from
Rara Avis,

the sacred incubus of Spring.

Don Kitzmiller

SEX AND LOVELINESS IN D. H. LAWRENCE

With Special Emphasis on Lady Chatterley's Lover

by
Edward Greenblatt

David Herbert Lawrence, novelist, biologist, and psychologist, was a shrewd observer of life who devoted a great part of his creative energies to pleading with mankind to live a full life--in which sex would be promoted to its proper function as a vital, forceful part of life. Finding the mores of society at fault, Lawrence leveled his message to the individual concerning himself with individual sexual fulfillment rather than with socially approved conformity.

Typical of Lawrence was the distinction he made between sex and loveliness.

In Sons and Lovers (1913) Lawrence first came to grips, in fictional form, with the fulfillment theme; the book is the story of a boy's initiation into manhood. But it was not until the third and final version of Lady Chatterley's Lover that Lawrence found the completeness of life he sought. In the meantime, Lawrence had written many books, The Plumed Serpent, The Rainbow, Women in Love, all delving into the theme of fulfillment.

Lawrence's dominant theme can be tied closely to his distinction of sex and loveliness as expressed in the essay "Sex versus Loveliness." Being concerned with the individual in society, Lawrence found it symptomatic that society should confuse two words like sex and loveliness--a confusion demonstrating an approach to life not complete, a partial view.

Without the aid of Freudianism, Lawrence defined sex--a word made "ugly" by society--as a drive, an instinct, an appetite. But before he could get to a determination of loveliness, Lawrence felt compelled to expose the "hidden will behind all theories of sex, implacable...And that is the will to deny, to wipe out the mystery of beauty...Sex and beauty are inseparable, like life and consciousness." Life and consciousness!--Here is the key for Lawrence!

Lawrence believed that men must have a complete understanding of one another and of their surroundings; he condemned the "atrophied condition of modern man's intuitive faculties." The terms sex appeal and beauty, for instance, should exude a feeling, not merely an external observation. Communication of the life-glow is really sex-appeal, and Lawrence equated loveliness and sex appeal. A woman must, he thought

communicate a sense of living in order to be lovely, and a man must be receptive to loveliness. Man must be conscious--not self-conscious as were Adam and Eve who, after eating the apple, were wonder-struck, not understanding the meaning of their new existence.

The experience of loveliness takes many forms. In Sons and Lovers Lawrence pointed out the affects of a "lovely" experience in which human warmth radiates from one individual to another--

Paul loved to sleep with his mother. Sleep is still most perfect, in spite of hygienists, when it is shared with a beloved. The warmth, the security and peace of soul, the utter comfort from the touch of the other, knits the sleep, so that it takes the body and soul completely in its healing. Paul lay against her and slept, and got better; whilst she, always a bad sleeper fell later on into a profound sleep that seemed to give her faith.

Lawrence, aware of the infant's need for tactile sensation, was also aware that the need is carried over into heterosexual relations. He recognized the therapeutic value of Paul's experience with his mother, but he also saw it as an experience of loveliness, the favorable rendering of life-force.

Sons and Lovers, the story of Paul Morel's observation of the difference between sex and loveliness, illustrates that for one person, Paul, in this case, there may be two distinctly different types of sex. With Miriam, Paul achieves a sensual but cerebral union that he cannot find with Clara, with whom his relationship is strictly physical and impersonal. It is, in fact, a combination of Paul's two experiences which he is seeking, but his ambivalent attitude toward his mother prevents his finding fulfillment. Not until the end of the book when Paul turns away from his mother's grave does he become a man; he is aware of the lack in his life and is willing to seek fulfillment.

In Lady Chatterley's Lover Lawrence comes up with a happy resolution of his fulfillment theme. After all of the furor over the disputed decency of Lawrence's great book, it is ironic to note that Lady Chatterley's Lover is, if anything, sexually depressing rather than stimulating. Taken out of context, some passages may tend to excite, but as a series, the sexual passages produce an opposite effect; for Lawrence, with his ideal of sexual perfection, makes of sexual relationships which fail to attain that perfection a miserable proposition.

From the imperfection of several relationships, however, Lawrence succeeds in molding a "perfect" relationship. It is his aim to upset sexual standards rather than force people to conform unhappily to the dictates of others. Lady Chatterley is dedicated to loveliness and to the natural law by which Lawrence thinks man ought to be governed.

At the outset, Lawrence defines terms and sets the tone of his novel. For his heroine, we learn, sex had been "only a sort of primitive reversion and a bit of an anti-climax." Constance knows that sex could be used to her own advantage, but she knows that--ideally--sex should be of a loftier order. Through the martyrdom of her marriage and her affair with Michaelis, Connie came to realize the truth: real knowledge comes out of the whole corpus of consciousness. Connie attains the combination of the spiritual and physical for which Paul Morel sought in Sons and Lovers, and the sexual fulfillment becomes total fulfillment.

Despondent in her unnatural life, Lady Chatterley finds rejuvenation in her affair with Mellors, Her husband's game-keeper. Resisting the impulse to make his novel a social documentary, Lawrence uses the relationship of Lady Chatterley and Mellors to point up his distinction between sex and love-ness. The sexual relationship progresses from a one-sided pleasure ("The activity, the orgasm was his, all his") through the point at which Connie realizes that she has "willed herself into this separateness" to the point at which she attempts to bring her whole consciousness to the union. And, at last, the union is perfect--

Rippling, rippling, rippling, like a flapping
overlapping of soft flames, soft as feathers,
running to points of brilliance, exquisite,
and melting her all molten inside.

Connie had lost, or given, herself in the ecstasy, and she agreed with Mellors "It's good when it's like that."

But sex is not always grand. With the cold, haunting eye of an objective observer Lawrence relates:

...something in her quivered, and something
in her spirit stiffened in resistance: stiffened
from the terrible physical intimacy, and from
the peculiar haste of his possession. And
this time the sharp ecstasy of her own passion
did not overcome her....Her spirit seemed to
look on from the top of her head, and...(it
all) seemed ridiculous to her, and the sort
of anxiety...seemed farcical. Yes, this was
love...ridiculous...insignificant....This was
the divine love! After all, the moderns were
right when they felt contempt for the per-
formance; for it was a performance. It was
quite true, as some poets said, that the God
who created man must have had a sinister sense
of humor, creating him a reasonable being,
yet forcing him to take this ridiculous
posture, and driving him with blind craving
for this ridiculous performance.

Connie had stood apart, as if watching a despicable, ugly performance, a distasteful function of human nature. A powerful inward resistance has possessed her. When again Mellors held her, she found things different. This time she seemed like the sea, flowing gently. She was open and prepared to give herself in full understanding, and to Lawrence this was loveliness!

Lawrence's novel further pursues the various aspects of love. Connie is all too apt to make it impersonal, though at the same time she craves for security. Mellors cautions her, "I tell you it takes two even to be tender and warm-hearted." Mellors would rather die, he says, than have any part of cold-hearted sex. Connie can only agree with Mellors for she knows he is right. To be satisfactory, beautiful, and "lovely," intercourse must be personal and communicative.

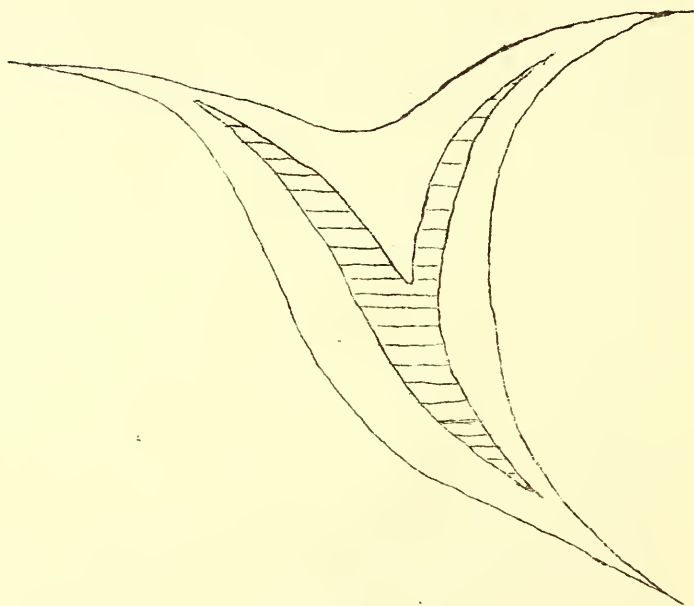
Finally Connie comes to comprehend an all-important prerequisite of sex. "She felt, now, she had come to the real bed-rock of her nature, and was essentially shameless. She was her sensual self, naked and unashamed." She has progressed from a calculating sort of sex through observation, understanding, realization, to openness until at last "she shared her ultimate nakedness with a man, another being."

Connie is able to take stock of herself later as she listens to a friend criticize class society, "It's the one thing they won't let you be, straight and open in your sex. You can be as dirty as you like. In fact the more dirt you do on sex, the better they like it....It's the one insane taboo left: sex as a natural and vital thing. They won't have it." With a sort of revulsion against society Connie sees exactly what has happened to her. Mellors had freed her to live: he had released her warm, natural sexual flow. Connie can no longer recognize the regulations of society but rather must follow natural law, natural instinct. The keeper of life, Mellors, has given her a rebirth; he has given her a life of loveliness.

In the last passage of sexual activity in the novel, Lawrence comes to the final stage of sexual development--tenderness. "Be tender to it, and that will be its future." Here the promise, the future, of procreativity, of off-spring, is presented. "I stand for the touch of bodily awareness between human beings," Mellors proclaims, "and the touch of tenderness." Even if man, as an individual, is forced to go against the grain of society, nothing is better for him than to find loveliness with someone else. And Mellors exclaims that the cluster of society without a sense of loveliness ought to be shot, for they "only frustrate life."

In Lady Chatterley's Lover Lawrence completes his analysis of sex and loveliness. Sex, he affirms, has its ugly aspects and may actually be nauseous. Though love can be either personal or impersonal, it must combine both the physical and

spiritual, the brutal and cerebral before it can be satisfactory and perfect. Where two beings are involved in sex, says Lawrence, these two living organisms--through shamelessness, a thorough awareness of their environment, and a conscious understanding--must communicate the life-flow between themselves and give themselves freely and openly to one another. Without man-imposed infringements there must be a rebirth of individuals into a kind of unitary life-force following the natural order of the universe. Only thus, Lawrence feels, may the individual achieve the experience of tenderness, or loveliness, or beauty, and this is for the Good.



THE TRAMP'S RAGE

In the night on the street
Below my window, through the circle
Of the street-lamp's sterile glow
There passes by a mad old man.
Shaking dusty fists and snapping
Ancient curses at the glare,
He passes on-
To God knows where.

HOW I GOT THERE

Words are small fare
When brought to stand
With being aware.
Words sometime hold us
Bound-away from
Things they sound
And lead us rather
From knowing.

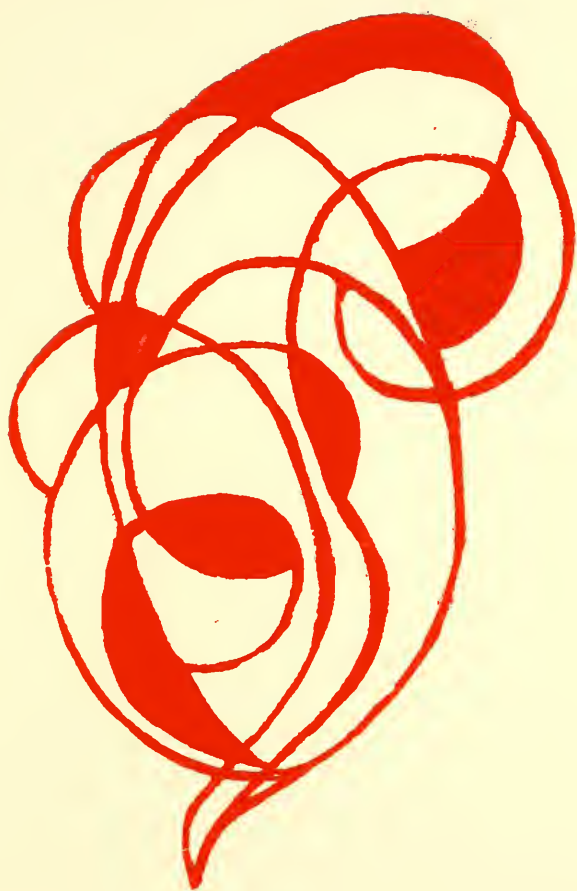
John Gaddy



tiny
oval
raindrop
falls from
scudding cloud
tiny
oval
raindrop
splashes on
lazy country stream
spreads ripples in concentric circles
that match their crests with other ripples
from other tiny oval raindrops

rushing gushing country stream
with its burden overflows
to lie in shallow oval pools

Mark S. Burnett



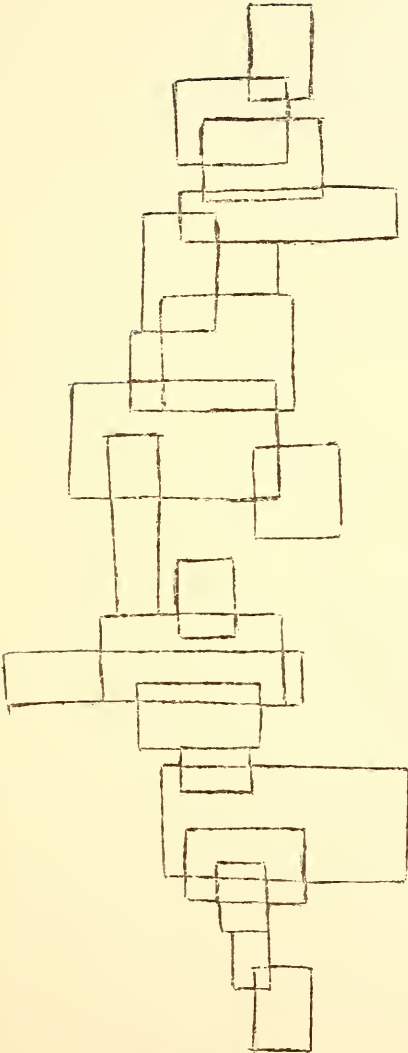


FOUR-AND-A-QUARTER

Little, little copy of Joy,
Dirty, dirty face with eyes
Deep as purple, you are
So whole, so Now. You still
Can Dream, you can cry,
You can see play-mockery
As it is.

Run, run, fall and cry,
You Changeling. Run again,
And fall in a stream,
Clothes muddy and you-impressed.
Tell mother it was an
Accident (your first lie),
But live, little one.

Elizabeth F. Sulzby



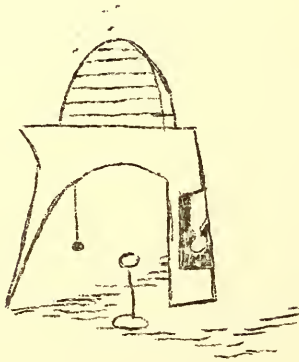
THE BIG SHOW

The big show's stopped now.
Now tears whisper down lengths of woody wrinkles
Onto a hankie too far down and black.

It was the only pass-
The cape had flashed
(Perhaps intended as the reassuring wink)
Then was snatched away
Sooner than hands should move,
Faster than behind the eyes can forget;
From underneath: the heavy hoofs astonished.
A dark drape, too, was tossed upon the ground
And last tucked over the domed mound.

But the wrinkles are wept into welts;
On the hankie no stain is viewed-
Too far down; away in the black;
Already used up.

Sena Jeter





PPPPFFT!

I wander through the naked streets of the city,
Gaping at the bland-faced passerbys
Locked in their self-made cells,
Clutching at their hidden sex urges
And I gasp,
 I pout,
 I expire.

These people pay me no attention,
Gazing at their watches or counting their change,
They stink, they reek, they smell
Of man entrapped by man.
And I gasp,
 I pant,
 I expire.

Don't they know that I'm a poet?
Why do they ignore me?
Don't they know
 That I have walked between
 Pleiades and Orion,
 That Orpheus is my confidante
 That I have access to heavenly truths,
 That I burn with the flame of talent?
 That I can sum up the Universe in fourteen lines,
 That I have had fourteen different sexual experiences
 With members of the opposite sex?
Phfffft!

Dwight Isbell





